

THE
Nassau Literary Magazine.

WILLIAM G. UPSON, EDITOR.

VOL. XX.

SEPTEMBER, 1859.

No. 1.

TENNYSON.

PRIZE ESSAY: BY S. H. KELLOGG, SPRING VALLEY, N. Y.

The two essential constituents of poetry are thought and imagery. The imagery, we apprehend, must be beautiful, and, in the sense in which we now use the word poetry, is of two kinds, which we would distinguish as symbolical and imitative. By the former, thought is presented by means of sensuous symbols; by the latter, it is presented by words as articulate sounds, in so far as those sounds are suggestive of the thought embodied in the words, the imagery either consisting in the sounds of the words as individuals, or in the harmonical and rhythmical character of the verse. Now, while we apprehend that no single artist can be expected uniformly to excel in all these, both the thought and this variety of imagery by which it is represented, yet, without the combination of all in a greater or less proportion, there cannot be true poetry.

We have laid down these principles that by them we may have a present canon with which to compare the work of the poet whom we shall attempt to review. If we are not greatly mistaken, a careful study of the works

of Tennyson must convince the student that the thought which he has embodied is of an unusually high type.

As it is the prerogative of genius, and especially of poetic genius, to see much further beneath the surface of things than common minds, so we shall find of Tennyson that he has thus deeply seen and brought up from those depths many of the hidden things of human life.

Some have called him obscure, and made this indeed one strong ground of criticism. As if one hastily glancing into a deep river, from dimness of sight or careless looking, seeing beneath the water no sandy bottom, should go away and declare those waters turbid! and so with Tennyson; while we admit that there are many passages which at first we may not well understand, that there are some even which are really obscure, simply because genius at best is yet but human, and so not ever perfect; yet, such as these, we think, are but exceptions, while careful study will reveal to us in most a depth of meaning that will at once surprise and delight.

We often meet with elaborate discussion of the most subtle questions of religion and philosophy, and yet when most a philosopher he is no less a poet, arguing not by syllogism against syllogism, but opposing image to image. The "Two Voices," holding allowedly a very high rank as a poem, certainly vindicates for itself a name as a profound metaphysical argument, on what, to many great minds, has been a confounding question.

No less in depth than the intellectual, do we find the emotional element of his thought. He is, in a high sense, a "human-hearted man." He seems to have sounded the utmost depths of human experience, thoroughly to comprehend the highest joys, as well as the deepest woes of humanity. Now he stands in calm joy, where the inner love of two has become "an outward breathing type;" again talks to us from the side of the dying with that strange joy in grief that some men know so well.

Now he wails the weakness and ignorance of man ; he is

"An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

Again he rejoices in hope of his restoration,

"For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

And so, however he sing, whether his voice be weak with great fear, or swell into a lofty anthem with the hope of resurrection and eternal love, still from the depths of our soul the same response is ever given,—*I have felt.*

We had often known in ourselves those deep strange feelings too spiritual to be held by verbal incarnation, but seldom we meet with one who, like Tennyson, can sometimes hold for us these airy fugitives and show them to us in body and form.

Another thing which must be evident on the most cursory perusal, is the purity of Tennyson's thoughts. If he sing of state and law, we feel that he is one who has the highest law characterized on his heart, the language of which only he speaks. Or if, as more frequently, he sings of human soul-life, of love, and of God, his every conception is still marked by this virginal purity.

What purer conception of womanhood can be found than the "Revered Isabel,"

"The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowliness."

Or what artist has pictured an ideal maidenhood which is at once of so queenly magnificence, and yet so wonderfully free from any grossness, as Eleanore. And we are made to feel, that while we do homage to the perfection of her form and mien, even that but faintly images that matchless spiritual beauty which only could make her so truly

"The serene imperial Eleanore!"

Another exquisite example of the same characteristic we find in the "Miller's Daughter." We doubt whether

R71
1865
189/100 cat 1

101069

it be possible to find a higher ideal of the holy love of husband and wife than Tennyson here presents us. It is difficult to select a part where the whole is so perfect; one verse must suffice :

———"the kiss,
The woven arms, but seem to be,
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee :
But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find."

It is the full heart-language of a perfect marriage.

Again, in the earnest prayer of "St. Agnes' Eve," we have the language of the poet's heart as he looks upon the heavenly Bridegroom, so far above him, dwelling in the home of perfect purity; and, after the humble confession, our whole souls go out with him, as he prays so earnestly :

"Break up the heavens, oh Lord! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean."

In the works of Tennyson, we have the best practical illustration of the religious nature of Art, in this very purity which is the legitimate offspring of a truly religious spirit.

That humble, child-like faith which so distinguishes the Christian religion from all others, is throughout here displayed and glorified to a degree we have met nowhere else in uninspired poetry. In the *In Memoriam* it is tried by Death, and comes forth from the trial triumphant; doubts of the Resurrection, of God's existence and providence—all are silenced, and he rejoices in saying,

"Behold, we know not anything;
We can but trust."

Not only, as in the *In Memoriam*, does this high faith respect individual hopes, fears, and destiny, but, with

keen sight, penetrates the dim haze of the world's future, and sings,

"Lo, I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.
Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

Reason with Tennyson may be great; but it is faith in which he chiefly glories, holding it higher than reason, or rather, reason's most reasonable act. And, in the exercise of faith, he can quietly rest his hopes on that even which he cannot understand, believing in a day when that which is now darkness shall be made light forever.

Having thus briefly considered the thought itself that is embodied in the poetry of Tennyson, we come now to examine the imagery by which it is expressed.

We find here, no less than in the thought, much that marks him as a poet of high order.

The imagery by which he speaks to us is no less remarkable for its perfect fitness, than for richness and delicacy of coloring. In many cases where there is such a highly wrought finish, our attention is rather drawn from that which is represented to that which represents, so that after a while the mind becomes sated and wearied even by that very gorgeousness which first attracted. But here, almost without exception, all the *graces* of verse and symbol are but aids to the more perfect comprehension of that thought or conception which the poet would reveal.

Perhaps it were not too much to say that in no poem in the English language has symbolical imagery been so perfected as in the *Palace of Art*. The idea of the poem is, that the human soul cannot live for and by itself, and fulfil the end of life; that he who worships self and makes Art his only religion, cultivating the intellect while the affections lie waste, at last

"Shall be shut out from love and on her threshold lie,
Howling in outer darkness."

A soul glorying in strength of intellect, and despising the common crowd who believe in God and love, renounces fellowship with them and will dwell alone; alone! not only from man, but God: for she needs no God; in her own strength she is strong. And so, on a high cliff apart, she builds her palace: she builds it strong, of stone; and through all the rooms rich with tinted light are hung paintings of exquisite beauty; high in the towers, through the flaming oriels, the calm faces of the Great and Wise gaze silently down, and there she takes her throne, the air around her tremulous with the silvery chime of the bells, and the distant murmur of the foaming fountains. In her full pride she cries,

"I marvel if my still delight
In this great house so royal, rich and wide,
Be flattered to the height,
O all things fair to sate my various eyes!
O shapes and hues that please me well!
O silent faces of the Great and Wise,
My Gods, with whom I dwell!"

Thus she lives three years; there is yet no change. We would begin to ask, whether, then, men *are* social only because of their grossness, and religious only because of weakness.

But on the fourth she fell; we read that

"God, before whom ever lie bare
The abysmal deeps of Personality,
Plagued her with sore despair."

One full year yet she dwells there, continually growing worse with time. If she walk through the glorious galleries, it is no more to hear the echoing chime of bells, but

"Far off she seemed to hear the dully sound
Of human footsteps fall."

She sees no more the rich-hued paintings with which she had adorned the walls, nor could those silent faces of her Gods calm her at all, when

———"unawares
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,
And horrible nightmares,
And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three-months old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall."

At length the fearful warning is understood ;

"So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away.
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.'"

She has left her palace ; when she returns, she will return with *others* : she has learned the solemn lesson.

Can we conceive of anything wherein this imagery could be made more perfect ? Is there anything wanting ?

We cannot but regard this poem in all its parts, as very nearly fulfilling all the conditions of a perfect poem ; and no one more perfectly than that of symbolical imagery.

But one other brief example will be given :

"The people here, a beast of burden slow,
Toiled onward, pricked with goads and stings ;
Here played, a tiger, rolling to and fro,
The heads and crowns of kings.
Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds that might endure ;
And here once more like some sick man declined,
And trusted any cure."

Could there be a more perfect compend of the world's history than these four images contain ? How perfectly is the state of Europe in the middle ages expressed by the first ; and how aptly the second images the terrible revolutions that have from time to time deluged her with blood.

As to harmonical and rhythmical imagery we judge that the English language contains no finer example than *Eleanore* ; unless indeed one or two other works of this same author may claim equal distinction. We are astonished that this strong, inflexible language of ours can be

wrought into forms of such surpassing beauty. While upon Eleanore Tennyson has lavished all the wealth of language in description, we have always felt that Eleanore in her imperial magnificence, was even *more* vividly presented to us through the mellow richness of the harmony and the faultless rhythm of every line. If we might venture in example to select from such a poem a single line, we would offer the following :

“How may full-sailed verse express,
How may measured words adore
The full-flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness,
Eleanore?
The luxuriant symmetry
Of thy floating gracefulness,
Eleanore?”

The Lotus Eaters has been often mentioned in this connection, and perhaps may be no less admirable than this. But it would require a careful judgment to decide, where the merit of either is so great.

We do not know of any poet who has to such an extent made harmony and rhythm an element of so great power in representing thought; he indeed would seem to have carried them to as great perfection as were possible without defeating the end in view.

Thus we have endeavored to present some of the more prominent characteristics of Tennyson's poetry; the space allowed to this essay would forbid entering more into detail.

It is by no means claimed, much as he has our admiration, that genius here has wrought out a work free from all defect, but to criticise was not our object at the present time. Whatever may be the minor defects and blemishes of his poems, as works of heart we cannot but feel that they are eminently suited to produce a healthful influence on those minds which acquaint themselves with them.

Tennyson is pre-eminently a poet of the age. No greater danger threatens us than that which arises from the prevalence of that vague pantheistic spiritualism that has been diffusing itself with the increasing knowledge of German philosophy. Exalting, even deifying man and human reason, it would utterly drive from mankind that simple faith which is the foundation of Christianity; its direct tendency is to atheism. There is in Tennyson's writings very clearly a strong feeling *against* this spirit. Again and again he lays down those great principles which only can strengthen men to resist it effectually. He is thoroughly a child of faith. Hearing everywhere the great voices of the Universe, and gaining from the lips of Nature much deep wisdom, he sees God in the Universe, yet separate from it, different, and infinitely above all. His God is not a vague mystical abstraction, but a living spirit, "his dearest faith."

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

This is his invocation to his God. At His will, he yields up his pride of reason, and trusts. All those indefinite notions which some hold concerning the future of the soul, in relation to its individuality, he will not cherish for a moment.

He asserts a firm belief in the continuance and eternal development of man, in all those feelings and faculties which are necessary to his constitution as an individual soul.

The more steadily that such truths can be kept before our minds the better it will be for us. And because in all such we find Tennyson a gentle and faithful instructor; because of his chastity of thought and deep understanding of humanity's most sacred experiences; because of the pure beauty of his image-creations which cannot but

elevate and purify the imagination and taste of him who will often contemplate them; for these reasons, at least, we are constrained to recognize in Tennyson one whose mission on earth is one of blessing to all those whom its influences may reach.

INFELICISSIME.

I stand upon the hoary mountains of old Time,
God's stern and sleepless sentinels, that loom
In shadowy dimness, silent and sublime,
Through bending clouds of glory and of gloom.
I see around me shapes of rare device,
Domes, minarets and towers
Of Nature's own contriving; and soft bowers
Of interwoven branches, vines and flowers,
Through which trip lightly the impassioned Hours.
I hear the gushing melody of birds—
The dash of dancing waters, and the deep
Low murmurs of the winds, that creep
Into my soul, like music without words;
I stand in Paradise!

And lo! two beings, young, and beautiful
Beyond the poet's most enraptured dream,
Glide through the mazes: resting now to cull
Sweet tinted flowers that fringe a silver stream,
Or clustering fruits that in the sunlight gleam;
And all the while their voices fill the air
With swelling anthems to the Great Supreme,
And all the while, in peace, they wander there,
God-loving and beloved, without or grief or care.

The charm is broken! from a distant hill,
I see the Serpent take his subtle way,
To where, all dreamless of the coming ill,
The doomed pair in happy converse stray;
And now, with secret art, he holds his prey,
And now enfolds them like a tongue of flame;
With charmed words he leadeth them astray,
Till, all forgetful of the Master's claim,
They do the deed of sin, and hide themselves in shame.

I read, in Holy verse,
Their everlasting curse!
"Thou shalt bring forth in pain,
And live in sorrow, and toil in vain,
And thistles reap, and thorns, instead of grain,
And down thy brow shall sweat-drops roll like rain."

That curse has had no death; we are brought forth in pain,
And all the pathway of our checkered years
Is strewn with ashes and remorseful tears,
Till, in the midst of grief, we yield our breath again.

Yes! the world is full of sorrow

And dismay;

Joy lives always in to-morrow!

Pain, to-day!

Sweet phantoms rise, to cheer our bleak existence,
And lure us onward with uplifted hands,
We follow—and they fade into the distance,
As fades the mirage upon desert sands.

What boots it, that the earth makes show of joy?

That roses bloom, and trees grow green in spring,

That the soft grass springs up without annoy,

That skies are blue, and birds forever sing?

There are more weeds than flowers,—

More sad than sunny hours!

And though the leaves be musical,

They all must wither soon, and fall!

And though the green grass waves—

Down under it are graves!

And, alas! they have no souls,

Those little birds, whose melody so rolls.

What boots it, that we ring the merry laugh,

Sing the song, and crack the jest;

That we seek love—deem kisses more than chaff,

Or hold pleasure worth the quest?

And what boots it, that some glide

Through the world with little care?

And what boots it, that the bride

Is so jubilant and fair?

The pleasure that we follow

Like our laugh is hollow—hollow

As a bell

That now rings us to a wedding, with a chime;

And now buries us in sorrow for a time—

With a knell!

And the jest seldom slips,
But it strikes a tender chord!
And a kiss was on the lips
Of the wretch who sold his Lord!
Do you sing?—the sweetest songs
Tell of sorrows and of wrongs.
Do you love?—perfect love
Only lives in realms above,
And the careless are the light,—
Light of heart, and light of head:
And ye robe the bride in white,—
And, in white, ye shroud the dead.

H.

LONGFELLOW AND HIS CRITICS.

The poetry of some men might be compared to a statue, perfect indeed in its proportions and execution, but destitute of life—a body without a soul; that of others to a human form, endowed with all the vital energy which could be wished, but deformed and maimed—a soul with an imperfect body; and that of still others to a statue, sculptured into the most perfect forms of art, and then, like that of the artist of old, endowed with Heaven-born life. Taken in its most literal sense, the poetry of no man can be fitly likened to this latter image, but, in the essential idea of our comparison, we are able to include under it the productions of at least a few of those who have claimed the title of poet; and among such poets we would place the name of Longfellow. By this we do not mean to assert that his rank as a poet is the highest. To carry our simile still farther, statues, beautiful each in its own class, may differ in grandeur of conception, and even the vital principle, though the same in kind, may differ in degree. That perfection of beauty, which the human soul craves, is unattainable, and the poet is successful only as he approaches nearer to this ideal. While then

to Longfellow cannot be granted a place in the first rank; it is our purpose to consider his claims to that rank, which we think is really his, and also some of the objections which have been urged against them.

Without aiming to be either original or profound, we would first state our conception of the true end of poetry. The effort of the poet is to embody in concrete forms that abstract principle which we call the beautiful. We perceive the beautiful, in various forms, constantly around and about us, and all men feel its power; but there is in every man a certain longing for a higher beauty—a craving for that which he does not thus find. Every man has some conception—however imperfect—of what he thus longs for; and it is the highest effort of the poet to embody this conception in sensuous forms. That he does not entirely succeed is a consequence of the finite nature of man. We should not look for a perfect realization of our desire in this respect. But the true poet *does* succeed in presenting to us forms of beauty, that have a vast power over our minds—he *does* succeed in touching those chords of our hearts, which vibrate only to that which is ennobling—he *does* succeed in implanting in us loftier aspirations—in enabling us, for a time at least, to rise above the petty cares of earth to something higher and nobler. And when the Christian poet, adding to the book of nature the book of revelation, draws from both his inspiration, he seems almost to reach that ideal beauty after which he strives. The poet embodies the common thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of humanity. To other men they are vague and shadowy—under his hand is formed a body, to some degree, fit to be the habitation of that spirit of beauty, which other men can only feel. Beauty thus being the end of poetry, the poet introduces truth—not as a separate end—but as that by which he attains a higher beauty. The thoughts, the feelings, the aspirations of men are as truly realities as the external

phenomena of nature—realities too which form a large part of the life of every man. In proportion then as the poet is true to nature—in proportion as he embodies those feelings really common to men, the beauty of his productions is increased. If, for instance, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" had been a representation of feelings peculiar to himself, and in which his readers could not share, it is evident that its beauty would be much diminished. So too when the poet represents the purely ideal, it must be—so to speak—ideal truth, that is, it must be capable of being realized to the imagination of the reader. Truth thus viewed, as that which does or could exist, is essential to beauty, but the true end of poetry is not the true, but the beautiful.

In considering the poems of Longfellow, it will be most convenient to take up first those whose object it is to delineate character—that is his tales and dramas. The numerous poetic tales of the early part of this century have made this kind of writing familiar to the public mind. To attempt a poem of this sort after the wonderful creations of Byron and his contemporaries was to challenge comparison with them. Byron exhibits to us a perfect whirlpool of emotion. A few touches of his master hand and his heroes and heroines stand before us overpowered by some master passion. His scenes are moments of action—those decisive moments, which are the turning points of a man's destiny; and his love is that intense passion, which fires the veins and stimulates to deeds of daring. But *Evangeline* is a tale of a very different character—it exhibits not so much action as suffering—that love that can not only do and dare, but can watch and wait. This emotion, as delineated by Byron, is that which hurls men along to anything and everything; but it was left for Longfellow to show

"— how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

in delineating a character which speaks the precept with a power unsurpassed, save by a living representative. To *die* for love—as Byron's heroines—is an easy task compared with *living* for it. The courage of Evangeline is—not to die—but to live. The one is a selfish courage—a courage that requires but one moment and all is over—the other is a noble, self-sacrificing, moral courage, that can bow with Christian fortitude to whatever lot God in his Providence may send. To deny that Byron's creations show the greater genius, is impossible, but in that which constitutes the highest—the noblest embodiment of the beautiful in character—Longfellow is his superior, for he adds an element of beauty which Byron could not appreciate. The same purity and a self-sacrifice, if possible, still more noble is seen in the heroine of the Golden Legend. However faulty this poem may be in other respects—and of that we shall speak presently—the character of Elsie shines forth as one of the noblest creations of the poet.

In this point in the delineation of character Longfellow has undoubtedly succeeded. Would that he had been equally successful in all! Time would fail us to examine critically even all the principal characters, which have been introduced to us by him, but, as we have endeavored to show some instances wherein he has succeeded, we shall now briefly indicate some wherein he has failed. John Alden, in his latest poem, is a man for whom we can have no respect. If there be any truth in the proverb "Faint heart never won fair lady," Mrs. John Alden could have existed only in the imagination of the poet. He has the courage neither to say what he wants to, nor to do what he intends to, and thus lacks that element of manliness, which alone can command respect. Now the introduction of such a character is by no means at all times to be censured. The great English dramatist frequently makes use of them. But to make such a man

one whom the "Puritan maiden" esteems worthy of the highest place in her affections—one whom we are called on to admire as one of the noble band that came over in the Mayflower—is so far to detract from the poem. For, as there is excited in our minds rather contempt than admiration for him, and thus in part for those intimately connected with him, this rather diminishes our sense of the beauty of the other characters, than by contrast makes us regard them the more highly.

Similar objections might be made against the *Golden Legend*. Many of the scenes, however beautiful in themselves, do not at all aid in the development of the plot, and the introduction of supernatural machinery was an experiment which Longfellow has shown to be a dangerous one, save to those whose genius is able to bring out its power, without exciting irreverence or ridicule. It is this lack of dramatic power that has prevented him from causing all his characters to stand out before us in bold relief, as living, breathing persons. To succeed in doing this only in part or only in some instances, was so far to fail, and so far our poet has failed. But the points which redeem these poems are the beauty of particular characters, and the poetry of many of the scenes.

But, after all, it is on his smaller poems that Longfellow's fame mostly rests. The more intensely subjective character of lyric poetry must always commend it to the popular heart. Real, genuine feeling will always attract more heartfelt sympathy than mere rhetorical finish or beauty of diction. In such a poem, for instance, as Cowper's "Address to his Mother's Picture," or still more strikingly in his "Castaway," the evident reality of the emotions, which prompted their composition, constitutes a large share of their power. When lyric poetry is the spontaneous outgushing of a full heart—when a man writes because he can't help it—then it is that our hearts—not merely our intellects—are stirred to their

very depths. And this power is vastly increased, when the feeling is such as to strike a responsive chord in the bosom of the reader. This is the source of much of the popularity of many of the Scotch ballads, which appeal to the home feelings of every man. Now, Longfellow's lyric poems, though finished works of art, bear this impress of feeling to no inconsiderable extent. They exhibit most of his characteristic excellencies with fewest of his defects. His "Psalm of Life," for example, is an exact embodiment of the feelings of a young man—it expresses exactly what the poet himself—what hundreds like him have often felt; and therefore it is that this poem makes so universal an impression on the minds of men. Each man feels that it is what he would have said, but Longfellow has said better for him. Many other poems of this character might be mentioned, as the "Light of Stars," and the one beginning "The day is done," in which he has so well described that

"—humbler poet,

Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds in summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start."

But there is one style of lyric poetry, in which, we think, our author particularly excels—we refer to those pieces in which an incident, or some appearance in nature is compared to something in the spirit-history of man. An example will more fully illustrate our meaning:

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight—

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

B

In such little scraps, founded, we might say, if in an ill humor, on a mere conceit, there is often very great beauty. There is an ease and grace about Longfellow's treatment of them that is very delightful, and, though they may seem trifling, each fresh perusal will unfold new beauties. The *Beleagured City*, *Daylight and Moonlight*, in his last volume, and others, furnish us striking examples of this style of composition. And here we would notice one thing that contributes much to the beauty of his shorter poems; that is, the having one prominent idea to set forth, and gradually unfolding this, until at the last the whole flashes on us at once. Some have objected to this, as showing barrenness of conception, but it is the true skill of the artist. It is the same sense of beauty, which prompts the painter to represent on canvass a single subject, and to introduce other things only as tending to exhibit and enhance its beauty, rather than a confused mass of beautiful objects, without any unifying principle to make the picture stand before us as one.

In short, then, Longfellow's prevailing excellencies would seem to be a lively and delicate imagination and what some perhaps would call an exuberant fancy. He seldom rises to the sublime, but delights more in cool pastures and murmuring brooks than in storms and tempests. His imagination is not so much suggestive, as it is quiet and delineative. He does not suggest an image in a word, so often as he expands it into a stanza. He thus delights especially in similes, and here usually touches his descriptions with great exactness. He is, indeed, not entirely destitute of the other variety of imagination, but this is his characteristic. There is also great purity and delicacy in all his images—never anything gross—never anything to repel our sense of beauty, and to this no doubt much of his popularity is due.

The excellencies, we have enumerated, are, it is true, not such as to entitle him to the highest rank among

poets, but they are none the less real excellencies. The beauty of the anemone is not the beauty of the rose, but it is none the less a real beauty: and the merits of Longfellow's poetry—if not of the highest order—are sufficient to entitle him to a place among those the world has honored with the name of poet.

It remains for us to consider the other part of our subject—some of the criticisms which have been written on Longfellow. One or two of the principal points, alleged against his claims to be a true poet, are all that time will allow us to mention. It is claimed that he is no creator—that his merit consists only in saying common-place things in a pleasing way. Now, if the truth were told, no poet is, in the proper sense of the word, a creator. His work—the work of the highest imagination—is but combination, and only in this sense of the word can we speak of man as a creator. Or is it because his subjects are familiar things that they call him common-place? But is it not also true that there is the spirit of poetry all around and about us, even where we do not dream of its presence? Nay, it is *because* this spirit of poetry is felt by every man, that these critics think, since Longfellow's embodiment of it seems to them just what they have felt, that therefore it is common-place. And yet it is just here that the poet's power lies—just in this catching up what others only feel and embodying it in sensible forms, so that when it comes to them it seems their own. But let *them* try the experiment, and they will find that thus to embody these common feelings is no small test of a poet's genius.

Again—and in much the same spirit—Longfellow has been accused of a lack of originality—in other words, of imitation and plagiarism. Here at once the question arises, what is originality? Invention, as we have seen, is not a creative process, and therefore originality does not imply creation. It is then nothing more than com-

bination in a way peculiar to the individual—it is, in short, the impress of individuality—the stamp which each man sets upon the product of his brain's coining, and which the world knows as his mark. Viewing the matter in this—its true light—Longfellow is decidedly original. There are few of his poems which we can read without recognizing *Longfellow—his mark*. His rhythm, which so strongly characterizes the true poet, is his own. By this of course we do not mean the metrical arrangement, but that mystic music, which seems the echo of the thought, and which, in a true poet, cannot be imitated. Take even the Psalm of Life, and grant that nearly every idea in it has been expressed before in some form, still it is Longfellow's. He has made each separate idea his own—the combination is his own—the rhythm is his own, and it is just because he thinks as a man, and esteems everything human worthy of his notice, that he has been accused of the lack of originality. Bearing this in mind, it is not to be wondered at, that poets sometimes think alike, and a faint resemblance—however the points may be elaborated—especially if the subject be not an uncommon one, forms no good ground for the charge of plagiarism. And when one man merely suggests an idea, and another takes it up, improves it and puts it in a new and more striking form, the latter really makes it his own.

We have thus endeavored to speak of Longfellow in a spirit, neither of indiscriminate eulogy, nor of captious fault-finding. Without claiming for him the highest rank, we have endeavored to show his right to that place to which he is justly entitled. His poetry is not a tumultuous dashing river—nor yet a vast majestic stream; but rather a clear brooklet, whose sparkling wavelets, with less of sublimity and power, draw their waters from the same source with the river, tend to the same end, and which we look upon with perhaps less of admiration, but with scarcely less of pleasure.

W. G. U.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

When twilight in her mantle gray
Has wrapped the fading earth,
When night steals silent on her way
To visit every hearth,
Then fancy calls fantastic dreams
From out the deepening gloom,
And memory wakes the golden beams
That linger round the tomb.

Oh! it is sweet in such an hour
To live our lives again,
To feel that hidden, holy power
That makes us more than men.
'Tis well to lift the sombre veil
That shrouds our perished schemes;
'Tis well to know that all must pale,
That earth with phantoms teems.

This season better moments brings,
It softens every sorrow,
Of future hope it sweetly sings,
And brightly gilds the morrow:
It is a twilight to the heart
When passion's waves subside,
Calm joy and quiet to impart
Through memory's throbbing tide.

As gently murmuring waters lull
Some wandering one to rest,
So twilight falls on heart that's full,
And buries grief confest.
Thus ever in its quiet hush
With lost ones we commune,
As rivers to the ocean rush
Beneath the swelling moon.

When on some crumbling ruined wall
The loving ivy clings,
The twining tendrils save its fall,
Till time those tendrils wrings.
Like ivy twilight clings to time,
And props our moral life,
It breathes around an air sublime
With inspiration rife.

I love the twilight dim and gray,
When tired nature sleeps,
Ere night has conquered struggling day,
And darkness o'er us creeps;
It brings before us joys that wind
Around us in life's even,
It soothes the spirit, calms the mind
And lifts our thoughts to heaven.

MY POLITICAL EXPERIENCE.

"Most happy to make your acquaintance, sir. I beg your pardon, sir, but I did not catch the name."

"Brown is my name, sir."

"Oh, Brown; yes, yes. Well, Mr. Brown, I am very happy to see you. What class did I understand you to say you intended to enter, sir?"

"The Freshman class, sir."

"Oh, the Freshman class; yes, yes, true enough. A very good and respectable class in my opinion, sir."

This was the beginning of the first conversation that I held with any one, after registering my name in the book at the "Mansion House." The gentleman was a tall individual, with straight dark hair, and a rather intelligent eye. His manner was extremely pleasant, and he made a decidedly favorable impression upon me. I was—it is useless to deny it—an exceedingly fresh aspirant to a membership of the Freshman class, and to find, at once, a friend so polite, so kind, was more than I could possibly have expected, and I immediately came to the conclusion that I had better take advantage of the opportunity here offered, to secure a friend and an adviser.

"You intend to become a member of the *American Whig Society*, I presume, Mr. Brown?"

"I really do not know much about the Societies, as yet, and I have not made up my mind, sir."

"Well, sir, I can give you all the necessary information on that point, sir, and it is well that you happened to meet with one who will give you his candid opinion on the subject. You may know, sir, that there are two secret societies connected with this institution, the *American Whig*, sir, and the *Clissophic*. Well, sir, it is a delicate matter for me, sir, being a member of the *Whig Society*, to speak of their comparative merits, but, sir, on my word, I think that I can judge impartially. Do you enter the *Whig Society*, sir. You will find that there are weighty reasons for so doing; they will be known to you when you have become a member, sir; I am not permitted to disclose them to you until then. But, sir, I can offer you one inducement to enter our Society, and that, sir, is that almost all the meritorious students, the scholars, the talented men, are among its members, and you will find intellect there, I promise you, and altogether it will meet your highest expectations, sir. Now, sir, without speaking more upon the subject, let me recommend you to consider yourself as one of us."

"Well, sir, after what you have said, I must confess that my preferences lean towards the *Whig Society*."

"I knew it, sir, and I saw in your countenance that you could be nothing but a Whig. So you will go in next Friday night, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir, I believe I will."

At this stage a gentleman joined us, and my friend, somewhat hesitatingly, introduced him to me as "Mr. Fop." We had some words together, and after a short time separated. The next day I met Mr. Fop, who kindly invited me to his room. "What wonderfully polite chaps these College fellows are," thought I. Ah! how little did I know of the ins and outs of student life, with which I have since become better acquainted.

"Will you try a pipe, Mr. Brown?"

I accepted the pipe, more to insinuate myself into the

good opinion of my friend, than from any desire to smoke it, for this was only the second or third time I had attempted to "blow a cloud."

"You told me, Mr. Brown, that you had been admitted this morning to the Freshman class. I suppose, sir, your intention is to enter *Clio Hall*."

This was a somewhat embarrassing enquiry, and I could not then understand how it was, after what my first friend (whose name was "Mop," by the way) had said, that such a splendid fellow could be a member of that inferior Society, the *Cliosophic*.

"Well—a—no, sir; I was—hem!—told that the *American Whig* was the—a—most respectable."

Here Mr. Fop burst into a fit of the most uproarious laughter I ever heard, and instead of replying to me, shouted at the top of his voice: "Snapper!!"

I was petrified with astonishment at so singular an exclamation, until, after its being repeated, I heard an equally loud shout from the next room, from the nature of which shout I concluded that Mr. Fop's next door neighbor was named "Snapper."

"Hallo!!" was the response alluded to.

"Come in here, I want to tell you a joke!" was shrieked by Mr. Fop.

After the lapse of a few seconds, during which I sat with jaws distended, eyes protruding, and attitude of amazement, Mr. Snapper appeared at the door, a small, ugly gentleman, arrayed in a torn and dirty morning gown, having a red smoking cap on the side of his head, and a Brobdignag meerschaum in his mouth, from which aperture rolled a column of smoke.

"Snapper, somebody has been *stuffing* this young gentleman—by the way, I beg your pardon—Mr. Brown, Mr. Snapper; Mr. Snapper, Mr. Brown—some *Whig*—I suppose Mop—has been telling Mr. Brown that their Society is more respectable than ours!"

At this they both seemed to be entirely overcome with good spirits, and although I did not altogether see the occasion for so much mirth, I could not help joining with them in a hearty guffaw. After the uproar had subsided, Mr. Snapper took up the thread of the conversation.

"Why, Brown, just let me teach you a thing or two. There are some oily fellows, d'ye see, and Mop among them, in *Whig Hall*, who amuse themselves by going about and electioneering for their Society, and making all manner of misrepresentations to the new students to induce them to be Whigs. Now, Brown, *we never* electioneer. Our plan is to allow those fellows to enter our Hall who *desire* it, and those who do *not* desire it, we don't want. But, in a case like this, where a person has been misinformed, I consider it my duty to correct his mistakes. *Clio Hall*—I speak disinterestedly—has not only greater numbers, my dear fellow, but greater talent than *Whig*, and there are many other things which contribute to make it superior, which you will learn on becoming a member. I am glad, Brown, that you fell in with us, and that I have been able to set you right. I suppose we may count upon your entering next Friday night?"

"I wish I had known this before, but it is now too late, I have given my promise to Mr. Mop to enter the *Whig Society*."

However thankful I was to find I was delivered out of the jaws of a wolf in sheep's clothing, they were unable to persuade me that a promise under such circumstances was not binding. I determined, however, at their suggestion, to call on Mr. Mop and beg him to release me from my engagement, and let me act according to my discretion.

I will not detail the whole of the proceedings of the few days intervening between this conversation and Friday night. Suffice it to say, that I did enter one of the Societies, and experienced the horrors usually accompanying the ceremonies on such occasions.

One morning I was walking in the campus, and—(I blush to confess it)—feeling a little home-sick, when I was accosted by one of the magnates of the Senior Class, with whom I had a slight acquaintance.

"Fine morning, Mr. Brown," said the magnate.

"Yes, sir," meekly replied I.

"Going to your room, sir?" asked the magnate.

"Yes, sir; won't you walk over with me, sir?" replied and enquired I, with truly well-advanced manners for a Freshman.

"I believe I will," answered the magnate, "I like to know the whereabouts of the fellows."

This tickled me exceedingly. The idea of a Senior's calling *me* "one of the fellows," and wanting to know my "whereabouts." I ushered him into my room in the "barracks," with unfeigned pride, and offered him a clay pipe and some tobacco, which I had provided for such occasions. He accepted it and took a seat.

"Were you here at Commencement, Mr. Brown?" enquired the magnate.

"No, sir," said I, feeling that I was a Freshman.

"Oh! you missed a treat, especially on the night before commencement, when the orations of the Junior Class were delivered. Apropos of that, have you been informed in reference to our next Junior Orator election?"

"No, sir," said I, feeling still more a Freshman.

A person, whom I don't admire much, invidiously insinuated, in my hearing, the next day, that this gentleman had only spoken of Commencement, &c., for the purpose of getting the conversation on the subject of Junior Orators—but how absurd! I saw well enough that the gentleman's motives were *not* such, and that he was only talking at random, in his efforts to make me at ease.

"Well, sir, I will, to save you trouble, tell you," said the magnate. "You, I suppose, do not personally know the candidates, and would not like to cast your vote with-

out knowing for what sort of men you did it. So I will give you a good ticket—one that you may rely on as the best. Now Snip is running on one side, and Snap is his opponent. Then there is Rag running against Tag, and Foozle against Boozle, and Fudge runs without any opposition. Now, I would have you understand well, that Snip, and Rag, and Foozle and Fudge are the candidates of the Tweedle-dum party, and Snap, and Tag, and Boozle are those of the Tweedle-dee party. Now, my dear sir, I want to impress upon you that the Tweedle-dum party is composed of gentlemen and scholars—but the Tweedle-dee party is made up of wire-pulling politicians and underhand workers. So make up your mind at once to vote for Snip, and Rag, and Foozle and Fudge, and to become a regular member of the Tweedle-dum party.”

“Very well, sir,” said I, in my Freshman ignorance. “I want to go the right way.”

“Then, in order that you may feel determined, Mr. Brown, promise me that you will vote for the candidates of the Tweedle-dum party.”

“I do,” said I, feeling less like a Freshman.

Soon after this, I was in the hands of a prominent member of the Tweedle-dee party, who kindly informed me that the Tweedle-dum men were deceivers and whited-sepulchres—and that their candidates were not deserving men, with the exception of Fudge. (I have been told since that they would not have said this much, if it had not been that Fudge was *such* a “jolly” fellow, that he *would* be elected against all odds.) They offered great inducements in the shape of promises, to me to vote the Tweedle-dee ticket, but I had pledged myself to vote the other, and I must. The same unpleasant man, whom I mentioned before, again insinuated that I never would have had the promises made good to me, if I *should* have voted the Tweedle-dee ticket.

Time (as usual) rolled on. The election was over. The

shaking of hands and the smoking segars of successful candidates was over. The excitement was over. Snip, and Rag, and Foozle, and Fudge were elected, because they belonged to the Tweedle-dum party, and the Tweedle-dum party was the strongest, while the Tweedle-dee party went to smoke its gloomy weeds at the melancholy expense of Messrs. Snap, Tag and Boozle, in Mr. Boozle's dismal apartments.

Time once more rolled on, and I was quite an enthusiastic adherent of the Tweedle-dum party. I learned that I must always vote for whomever the Tweedle-dum party put up for a candidate, no matter whether he deserved the office or not—something entirely unknown to me before, ignorant Freshman that I was!—I having always entertained a ridiculous idea that persons voted for whom they pleased. I also learned other important matters, self-evident to thoughtful persons, but which to my Freshmanic brain seemed strange, such as the fact that men are not put forth as candidates for Junior-Oratorship on account of their possessing any powers of eloquence, or handling the pen with skill, but as a reward for great labors for their party, in the way of electioneering, or for long standing as steady voters on one ticket. It is somewhat humiliating to me to make known to the public in what a lamentable state of ignorance I was existing before this time, but I cannot deny the fact.

Mr. Boozle had become the leader of the Tweedle-dee party. He was looked up to as an oracle. He was, I think, revered by numerous Freshmen. Mr. Boozle was accustomed, when any matter of importance was to be settled in his party, to retire to the sacred recesses of his chamber, and to sit himself down to deep meditation. "Snap shall be Class-Orator," would this oracle say, conversing with himself; "Crow shall be Class-Poet; Bluster shall be Editor." Then this august and awful personage; this exalted creature; this leader of the Tweedle-dee

party, who would burn at the stake sooner than desert the Tweedle-dee party—(that he would! I have heard him say so,)—this Boozle would issue forth from his apartment, and thus address his satellites:

“Having consulted with several of our men,” (a little untrue, but allowable in so great a person,) “the conclusion arrived at is that, as Snap has got more fellows into our party than any other two men, he ought to run for Class Orator, and for other good reasons, Crow and Bluster should run respectively for Class-Poet and Editor—do you all agree with me?” What! not agree with Boozle! Preposterous!

“If any one thinks of a better plan,” continues the oracle, “I hope he will state it.” A respectful silence. All is decided. Snap *shall* be Class Orator, if the Tweedle-dee party can effect that result in any honorable way, (honorable, not of course in that conventional signification which would debar the Tweedle-dee party from bribing, and taking short journeys away from the truth); Crow and Bluster *shall* obtain that distinction which they (do not) deserve, if sufficient votes can be got, in any way not likely to dirty the conscience of the Tweedle-dee party.

Now I have by this time got to be a pretty passable sort of a fellow, and have gathered about me a number of fast friends, who have sworn to go with me, vote with me, and, in short, do any thing for me within the limits of their several abilities. I lead them about like dogs—that’s all the more fun for me—they seem to enjoy it, too. Indeed we have become so associated together that they call them “Brown’s fellows.” I tell this in order that I may be understood when I relate the following little incident, which will bring me up to the present time, and there I must make an end:

Only yesterday morning, I was startled from my books; (I grieve to be obliged to confess that I *do* look at my books occasionally, even now at this stage of my College

course,)—I was startled from my books, I say, by a gentle tap at my door.

"Hello!" said I, not at all like a Freshman.

The door opened, and in walked—or I should rather say *moved*, when speaking of such a being—the terrible Boozle! I was all politeness, for although he was the head of the opposite party to that of which I was a member, I took a pride in showing the superiority of ours. I placed a chair and produced pipes. We carried on a common-place conversation for a few minutes, until Mr. Boozle had talked himself to the object of his visit, which he proceeded to explain.

"Mr. Brown, I hope you will not consider this call an intrusion, because I belong to a different party from you; but the truth is, that I have come this morning to make a proposition to you. We have—I mean myself and a number of the Tweedle-dee party—we have, sir, noticed with much gratification your rapid progress since you have been a member of College; and we have watched you—watched you because we felt when you first made your appearance among us that you were to make your mark. We have observed your increasing abilities in the way of writing, and have constantly admired your oratorical gifts. But while we have looked at you with admiration, we have lamented that your party were so blind to their own interests, so heedless of your accomplishments, as not to elect you to a place of distinction. I have come, therefore, to-day, to suggest a plan—in short, to offer you a candidacy for Junior Oratorship, on the condition that you will insure to us the vote of every one of that select circle of friends which you have gathered around you, for whoever runs on the Tweedle-dee ticket. I will not urge upon you, now, the acceptance of this offer, but will leave it for your consideration. Good morning, sir!" And he was off, and I was left sitting, gaping, in my chair, having the appearance, probably, of an exceedingly

juvenile bird, awaiting the serving up of its dinner in the shape of a worm.

Here I am with this burden upon my mind. I *do* feel inclined to look favorably on it. What he says is very true. The Tweedle-dums never *did* do by me as I deserved. They would be served just right if I should go over. Mop says it is only to get the votes I command. I can't think that is the only reason. Fop tells me he has heard Boozle say I was a Freshman, and that he heard him use the epithet "puppy," in reference to me. But that, I feel confident, occurred when Boozle was drunk, (for Boozle *does* get drunk, I am constrained to admit.) Then is it not my duty to myself to accept this proposition? I'll go to bed, and dream over it, and so for the present—adieu!

OPHELIA.

In all art it is a necessity that light and shadow be duly intermingled and gradated, in order that the sense may not tire with the deadness of sameness, and may receive a more vivid impression of the dominant form and idea thus relieved and exhibited. And accordingly, in tragedy, where the shadow must rule, we find light shed here and there by some acting soul whose especial office it is thus to display in greater distinctness, by contrast, the leading characteristic of darkness and terror.

Such is, objectively considered, the office and character of Ophelia in the tragedy of Hamlet. While excited and troubled by the gloom and high passion which especially distinguish this, we are calmed and soothed as we fix and rest the mind on her. Such is she, that she seems not even of the same race with those by whom she is surrounded, but rather a stranger from a higher being, a

purser home. Her soft voice, tremblingly ringing through Hamlet's passionate outbursts of gloomy bitterness and the confused clamor of the doomed court, greatly quiets our terror. Pity begets and fosters love; and Ophelia's melancholy death, whose shadow, from the first, we see resting upon her, so touches our heart, and we are drawn out into great tenderness for her. Remorse, selfishness, and vengeance chiefly rule those around her, and that with fearful power; *her* heart knows no moving passion else than love for Hamlet; but *this*—to see him, be with him, to “suck the honey of his music vows”—is her life. After all that policy and craft insinuate against him, *she* will not doubt once his truth and honor. In his every humor she still trusts and loves him, forgiving and hoping in him, although we often know she has been alone, weeping over him.

But the first blow of fate comes. Hamlet has harshly denied his love, and driven her away with bitter reproaching; and we hear that touching cry:

“O, woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!”

It is the wail of a broken heart.

And then we have but a glimpse of her, till she enters, smitten with a deeper woe. Her father is slain! Hamlet has slain him! Hamlet is banished! Clothed in mourning, the soul has left its throne, and is prostrate in the dust. We do not wonder at it.

If now we are shocked and pained for a moment at her apparent looseness, as if her purity were lost, we instantly recollect that the Ophelia we *have* known is no more, and so quickly forgive the innocent sin of insanity.

And now the catastrophe is at hand; she is not needed longer, and she is taken away. Sad is her end; yet, all too pure, too fragile as she is, to be one at that great carnival of death, where her once lover must be master of the assembly, we rejoice that mercy beforehand has called her away.

A nature so retiring as hers, is best judged and appreciated by comparison with those that surround it.

Let us so look at her. Compare her with her brother. How different from the impetuous self-confidence of his counsel are her maidenly replies! His love, in its blustering roughness, is not equal to hers in its refined gentleness; his matter of fact practicality seems strangely placed beside her delicate, dreamful trustfulness. Nor can we fail to notice the arch simplicity of her words at parting with him; the naivete of her sisterly caution. She knows that she is indeed ignorant, compared with Laertes, who has been much in the world, and surely *ought* to be right in his judgments; yet her womanly heart *feels* that he is not. What! Hamlet's love

"a toy in blood?

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting!

The perfume and suppliance of a minute!

No more but so?"

She knows better. And so we are the more charmed at the modest deference she yields while he speaks.

And then that father enters, and she displays another grace. Polonius is of some degree of worldly wisdom and shrewdness, but destitute of principle, and more than contemptible for his cringing servility; destitute of all the finer feelings of the heart, and glorying in it, he cannot at all appreciate them in others, but looks on with mingled amusement and contempt when they display such weaknesses. We cannot suppose that such a nature was at all pleasing to Ophelia, even in a father; yet from herself we could never discover it: but, on the contrary, we feel that, had Polonius been ten times Polonius, he would never have had from her an unfilial word or look.

To compare Ophelia with the king or queen would seem unnecessary. On the one hand is darkness, on the other light; she has never descended from the highest purity; they have wallowed in the foulest mire of sin.

But it is in her intercourse with Hamlet, that her character is seen in its greatest completeness. We see her then as a girl of wonderful gentleness and delicacy of perception. If not rich in intellect, the wealth of her affections is unbounded; yet, though lavish of them to one, she will never waste their fullness on many. Lacking energy of character, she might seem of merely negative excellence, did not her passion for Hamlet give the highest life to her every virtue, and invest her whole being with that charm which ever attaches to guileless womanhood loving.

She is the perfect contratype of a woman of the world. All the hypocrisy and assentation of the court not only cannot make her less than frank, but have never come so near her, that she has learned even to understand them.

Before Hamlet, and the vague form of his great grief, she bows in silent worship; she knows she does not, cannot comprehend him; she is content to wonder and love. And so, in her spiritual loveliness, she tremblingly, trustingly rests *awhile* on his bosom, and when dark death draws near him, has vanished, and we see her no more. Such is Ophelia. In her marvellous beauty she has stolen upon and is with us as a dream; as a dream she is already gone.

S. L.

THE PLEASURES OF HEADACHES.

Don't glance at our title, gentle reader, say "The man's a fool," and pass on without further notice: but "hear us for our cause"—the noble cause of that much-abused blesser of the human race—the headache. And here let us add that for aches in general we have a most profound detestation. Earache is our abhorrence, and as for toothache—ugh! it makes us feel bad to think of it. But in

one respect headache (that is one species of it) differs from all other aches (unless perchance it be the *heartache*) in being spiritual rather than merely animal. Here also note a distinction; headaches are divided into two great classes (just as Science into Physics and Metaphysics) which might be characterized as the headache physical, and the headache metaphysical. The former of these arises from purely physical causes, (generally indigestion,) and makes one feel as if his dinner had all taken refuge in his head, where innumerable little imps were playing football with it, the object of their ambition being to make it land between his eyes. To the possessor of such a headache we offer neither comfort nor sympathy. If a man will gormandize, he must pay the penalty; but as such cannot appreciate our favorite, we leave them to their fate.

The metaphysical headache! oh, who can describe its delights? Who can fitly trace those pictures which fancy then paints upon the brain? Who fitly sound the fairy music, which then steals over our enraptured sense? To the mere *gourmand*, who so stupifies his brain that it perceives not these enjoyments—to the man who has never *thought* enough in his life to elevate his brain to the exquisite pleasure of a mental headache—to the man who has never *felt* enough to make his nerves thrill as though influenced by electricity—we have nought to say—he cannot appreciate our feelings—but to those who have felt, as we have, as though the chords of feeling were so tightly stretched that every touch was pain, and yet who have listened with wild ecstasy to the weird, delicious melodies which unseen fingers seemed to draw from them—to those who have felt that a cruel hand was stamping images upon their brain, but images of such beauty that they fairly revelled in delight—to such we appeal to tell us if they would give up the pleasures of a good headache for thrice its pains.

We have sat for hours, without the slightest desire to

stir, as all that we had ever experienced—all that memory had registered, and much that had passed from memory seemed again our own—all the dust which time has scattered o'er the past, is blown away—all life seems to be lived over again—all the feelings of years to be concentrated into a single moment—all the hopes, the joys, the griefs of a lifetime to be felt at once—and so intensified that any one of them would seem strong enough to shape our destiny.

But not alone the memory does such a headache revivify and kindle into the intensest action; imagination is roused to act with ten-fold vigor. All the air-castles of boyhood—all the day-dreams of youth—all the wildest vagaries in which we ever indulged—now seem realized. They pass before us in one grand panorama—they float by as if wafted by spiritual agency; for the time they too are ours. But when under the influence of this charmer we live not only in the past. Under its guidance we seem to sail down the stream of time and to peer into that which is yet to be. This too is tinged with all the gorgeous hues, which imagination can gather from its preternatural quickening. Every event seems symbolized in a highly colored picture—every thought—every feeling seems mapped out before our mental eye, so that for the moment we almost grasp them. We live no longer in the present—no longer in the past; we are transported into the future. And not merely our own future appears to our view—the world's coming history is before us. We see nations passing in one grand procession—we see the future progress of the race—we see—but we must draw the veil. Some things are too sacred to be revealed to mortal gaze.

Such are true headaches. Their causes we leave to the philosopher: to the facts we ourselves can testify. Believe us there are few delights in life so exquisite as a good headache, and sneer no longer at its pleasures.

DOLOR CAPITIS.

COLLEGE CRITICS.

Ye tuneful Nine!—another suitor comes,
 Oh! smile in mercy on the lyre *he thrums*.
 Why should the muse to critics favors fling,
 But give them not to those who critics sing?
 For sure the end my humble lay would reach,
 Is one whose virtues no man need to preach.
 And since to him who lately wrathful sang
 Of rhyming verses, and their empty clang,
 Ye gave smooth flowing lines, without a halt,
 And such a wondrous deal of "Attic salt,"
 Inspire me too with rapt poetic fire,
 And give me all the energy of righteous ire,
 To teach these murderers of sacred song
 From first to last, that 'tis a grievous wrong—
 To show in one the folly that's in all,
 And scatter truth in Satire's bitter gall. * * * *

Long years ago in literary date,
 When Milton wrote, and Shakespeare was his mate—
 Before proud learning crossed the Western wave,
 And touched the shores that freedom's waters lave—
 When letters to the old world were confined,
 Nor felt the impulse of the Yankee mind,
 Even then the would-be critic raised his head,
 And poured on great and small his vengeance dread.
 But while like yelping curs, they raged around,
 And hid their littleness in mighty sound,
 "The man of Twickenham" spoke boldly out,
 And put the tribe of critics all to rout.
 "Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;
 But of the two less dangerous is the offence
 To tire our patience than mislead our sense."
 Give heed ye critics! to this pointed truth,
 And curb your *penchant* in the days of youth.
 Here note a small distinction, by the way,
 Which is, that critics at that early day
 Were satisfied with issuing in prose
 The precious product of their mental throes.
 But this inspired critic of the age
 Has filled his honest heart with such wild rage,
 That plain old prose no longer suits his taste;
 On it his time and talents may not waste;
 So straight he turns to verse, but not to pour
 "Harmonious nonsense" all the wide earth o'er,
 As other men have done. He condescends

To pluck out errors as his way he wends—
Suggests improvements to some weaker brother.
In style to one—in metre to another—
Invokes the muse *before* invoked in vain,
And bribes her too to listen to his strain
By mourning o'er the sad decline of song,
And promising that it shall rise e'er long—
Declares himself as ardent as was Peter,
And chooses for his rhyme heroic metre.
Let him beware lest when the whips of scorn
Shall ply the lash, his loyalty be gone—
Lest Peter-like he bitterly deny
He ever raised the vengeful pen on high.
Peter repented truly we are told,
And owned his first love dearest as of old;
But oh! if Napo once deny the muse
He'll not repent if reason he will use,
Nor e'er return to his first love, I trow,
Till down his "cheeks the streams of dotage flow."
Our college critic merely wished however
The early song of some to still forever,
And with this generous end in view
He did as quacks are mainly wont to do—
He dosed the object of his fond concern
With just the thing from which he'd have him turn,
Administered (on purpose) not the best—
For if the name is right, why ask the rest?—
But such a kind as gives a quantum quick,
As nauseates and makes the patient sick.
So children when they clamor loud for toys
Soon tire of them—for pleasure quickly cloy—
Especially of toys so slight and fair,
That if we touch them vanish into air.
But lest his nostrum prove a harmless purge,
And not to fell disease a dreaded scourge,—
On reason's side he rears a nervous arm—
And menaces the poet class with harm—
Attacks the Hydra with praiseworthy zeal,
And bruises sore each head with angry heel.
But e'er a Hercules in might he stands,
Far other weapons must employ his hands:
He too must sear the wounds his wrath has made
Before victorious arms aside are laid.
If wayward fortune on this deed should frown,
And fate refuse to him the fadeless crown,
Herculean labors after all remain,
Which imitation strives for not in vain.
He must begin upon the lowest round,
(Fame's ladder rests like others on the ground),

Must go like Hercules from post to post,
 Not seizing that which fancy craves the most.
 Let him remember Hercules began
 By cleaning stables for a rich old man.
 But since he's made already such a leap,
 Let's see the measure he deserves to reap.
 He talks like Mentor of poetic flaws,
 Like Byron too of "metre's murdered laws"—
 Pours out his sad soul in an Orphean strain,
 And almost brings them back to life again.
 He mourns the vag'ries of an air wrought head,
 And cries in anguish "common sense is dead."
 It totters sure—when'er the poet turns
 In fierce attack where friendship brightly burns—
 It is at least unthroned when Fancy wild
 Leads the strong man a captive—like a child,
 And makes him think in earnest it was said,
 That critics need no service at their trade. * * * *
 He's justly harsh upon those "tuneful fools"
 Whom love of sound, not solid matter rules,—
 Who fill with tears the Muses' gentle eyes—
 And with sincerest warmth he sadly sighs,
 That man's weak mind so prone to imitate,
 Increases still the bad that comes from Fate.
 With him I humbly pray that this may cease,
 From critics Jove! Oh! give us quick release.
 May Napo prove as on the list he's first,
 At once the last—at once the best and worst.
 "But if in spite of all the world can say
 He still will verseward plod his weary way,"
 Oh, give him either such transcendent fame
 That others may be hushed for very shame;
 Or if perchance he fail to win the crown,
 The meed of merit and of just renown,
 Oh! give to others a discerning mind
 Lest they too strive for what they may not find:
 For if a work elaborate and rare
 As that, prepared with such laborious care,—
 Which errs with Byron, if it errs at all—
 Before whose satire College poets fall.
 If such a work shall luckless win no more
 Than that of Zoilus, in days of yore,—
 A passing glance—a momentary smile—
 Where shall we find the polished thought and style
 That shall surpass this modern critic's worth,
 Whose like ne'er was nor e'er shall be on earth?
 The query rings upon the startled air,
 And echo loudly answers—where? Oh! where? * * * *
 But soft! why did our critic give his time

So freely to the patron of our rhyme?
 Why did he clothe his words in tender guise,
 As fiercest glances lurk in softest eyes?
 Why does his stubborn, proud heart still refuse
 To kneel to thee, Calliope. Oh! Muse,
 Before thy altar in this sacred shade
 Where grateful vows with reverence are paid?
 Alas! his "gray goose quill" was deftly plumed—
 Thy suitors all, Calliope, were doomed.
 He sought to win both mistress and the maid,
 Forgetting in his wooing how 'tis said,
 That he who follows in the chase two hares,
 Will have at length his labor for his cares.
 He sneers at such a vulgar scribbling crew,
 Ignores them proudly and their patron too.
 He says 'tis good to see one's name in print,
 "A book's a book although there's nothing in't."
 Could pique have aught on earth to do with it,
 And did he write in a splenetic fit?
 Ah! No—unworthy thought, vacate my brain,
 Nor leave upon my song so foul a stain.
 For, truth to tell, I know not what he meant.
 The thought must be ingeniously pent
 From common mind. But other men than he
 Poets and critics of antiquity,
 Writing have lived, and writing too have died,
 Whose meaning common sense has yet defied. * * * *
 You who in vinegar would dip your pen
 Read o'er with care, and reading read again,
 The legacies that Pope and Byron left
 To moonstruck youths of judgment all bereft—
 Be sure you have the arrows of Satiric song
 And never chant too often or too long.

My song has ceased—my lowly flight is done—
 Would that I could have winged a loftier one!
 But injured innocence called loud and long
 For one to meet this champion child of song.
 Oh! if my Muse hath sent a shaft too deep,
 In dark oblivion let her folly sleep—
 Forgive the bard, if any idle word
 The secret depths of feeling rudely stirred.
 He sets down naught in malice—but in sport
 He wields the pen, and to the Muse pays court.
 To her he would consign the bending lyre
 Its chords with welling music to inspire—
 To breathe in it a voice divine from heaven
 If e'er again to these weak hands 'tis given.

GRADES AND GRADE WORSHIPERS.

MR. EDITOR:—You will be pleased to pardon the presumption of an obscure and humble individual—a "*novus homo*" in literary circles—in introducing himself through the columns of *Maga* to the notice of College critics. That dreadful scourge of men of letters—the "*insanabile cacæthes scribendi*"—impels me to offer myself a victim to literary criticism. Without further apology, then, I plunge "*in medias res*."

The students of the College of New Jersey in general, and the paying subscribers of the Nassau Lit. in particular, have reason to congratulate themselves upon the new style of writing inaugurated in a recent number of the Magazine. The delightful change from the laboriously learned productions in prose, and dull sentimentalism in rhyme, which have hitherto to a great degree monopolized its pages, to the sparkling wit and stinging satire displayed by the author of "*Seria Commixta Jocis*," must have afforded an unexpected as well as agreeable treat to the mass of readers. I, certainly, was much gratified in the perusal of the above named article, and as "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," a point or two therein discussed will form the subject of my present endeavors. I sympathize with many of the thoughts of this piece, such, e. g. as the writer's honest indignation at the method unfortunately too much in vogue among us, of patching up brilliant essays, profound and metaphysical, from long forgotten articles in antiquated reviews, interspersed with an occasional thought from the recitation room. I protest, as heartily as he, against this sacrilegious disinterment of these defunct articles from their quiet resting places.

But while in the main the ideas promulgated in this essay meet with my cordial approval, I beg leave to put in a disclaimer in reference, more particularly to his remarks on "Grade Worshipers" and "Boot Licking."

In passing, let me say, I cannot admire the spirit which prompted such a sentence as this, clipped from "*Seria Commixta Joci*:" "We . . . do now with boldness and no latent resolution, declare it to be our intention voluntarily to maintain our position near the tail, regardless alike of the dip-giving authorities, and the growling of some, about 'men taking below fifty for a grade,' 'honor of the class,' &c., who, for their proclivities in that way, have most unjustly caused our whole class to be dubbed by the Seniors and Sophs "grade worshipers.'" Aside from the disappointed ambition which seems to lurk beneath this, and which somehow reminds us very forcibly of the old fable of "the fox and grapes," I think it unfairly confounds "studying for a grade," which he appears to think synonymous with "standing high," with "grade worshipping." I think with him that "grade worshiper" is "no doubt a title of the most execrable signification," but must dispute the propriety of its application to persons who endeavor to secure a respectable standing in class; and also of the appropriation of the term "bootlick" to a student, who, by strict attention to studies and respectful deportment, secures the approbation of his teacher.

A certain amount of ambition is not only justifiable, but highly praiseworthy, since the desire to rise above our present situation has been implanted within us, and is necessary to keep men from sinking into a state of barbarism. Like other gifts designed for the good of the possessor, it may be perverted to his hurt. Hence, I consider it the duty of every one to aim at whatever distinction he is capable of attaining, provided he does not allow the object of his desires to usurp the place, and prevent the performance of duty. When it does this, it is an object of worship, and is so far censurable. But that *this worship* of grades is not necessary for securing position in class, numerous instances of high-minded "first honor men" will abundantly show. But even if "grade" should

be so intensely desired as to become an object of *worship*, cannot the same idolatry be manifested in the opposite direction? A student from love of ease, dislike to study, slavery to appetite and passion, &c., neglects his books, is he not really worshipping this love of ease, these base appetites and passions? Can we long debate, if we must have an idol, which is the noblest object of worship? Further, it is undeniable that all students desire to stand as high as they can—it is human nature; and these same persons who are constantly deprecating this “study for grades,” are really as guilty as those upon whom they wish to affix the stigma. The only difference is that to the accused the grade is one of a number of motives—a further incentive; to the accuser grade is the only motive, for I very much doubt whether these persons would study at all were it not for grades.

But, further, let us make another application of the argument. Many of these persons are aspirants for posts of honor, which are in the disposal of their fellow-students, e. g., Junior Oratorship, Class Oratorship, &c. Who has ever heard the title “Honor Worshiper,” given to one of these?—yet the same principle is involved in both cases; and can the desire for pre-eminence be evil only when associated with position in class?

The definition of grade worshiper, which we find given by “our author,” includes another term—“bootlick”—in College use, as despicable and odious as the other. To be successful as a bootlick implies two parties—on *one* side the bootlick, and on the other the Professor who is subject to his arts. Now, I am loath to believe that there is a man in the Faculty, who would allow anything to influence him in determining the relative positions in class, except actual merit and diligent application: much less do I think that the whole, or any portion of the Faculty would be capable of such baseness. If I thought they were, I should feel my confidence in them shaken, and

should desire to leave the institution over which they are placed. This seems to *me* to be the only consistent course which remains to those who think bootlicking practicable, and are sincerely opposed to it, and this course they are free to follow, since no one is compelled to remain here against his will.

It appears, however, that this term is limited in its application, just as we have seen in reference to grade worshipping. The same principle prevails in another form, which seems to elude the observation of these haters of boot licking. I refer now to the canvassing and electioneering for votes practised by candidates for College honors. All know to what extent this is carried, even to bribery, and I need say nothing in reference to it. Still I cannot conceal my surprise, that these persons should feel so righteously indignant when they see a student, actuated by a sincere thirst for knowledge, daring to ask for information, even from a Professor; when they themselves condescend to bootlick—not Professors, to be sure—but those who are their equals, and even those whom they consider their inferiors.

Having now eased my mind in reference to this momentous subject, and hoping the few suggestions which I have thrown out may produce their appropriate effect, I bid you, gentle reader and obliging editor, farewell.

FAIR PLAY.

BOOK NOTICES.

SONGS OF OLD NASSAU: NEW YORK: W. W. DODD, 1859.

This is a book that, it seems to us, has received much indiscriminating praise, and perhaps still more indiscriminate censure. That the industry, which has brought

together a collection of the poems of the sons of Old Nassau, on the whole so creditable, is deserving of much praise, is beyond question—that the book is *not* in a true and proper sense a collection of Nassau songs is equally unquestionable. By this, of course, we do not mean to assert that they have not been composed by graduates and undergraduates of Princeton, or that most of them *might* not be sung; but that they do not represent the feelings of Princeton students—that there is little in them distinctive of Nassau Hall rather than any other similar institution—that they are not songs which we ever have heard or ever shall hear in the Campus or in our rooms, as being popular among our own students. The length of some of them—witness the five pages of “Exponunter”—would preclude the possibility of their being used as College Songs. A true song is the result of an outburst of feeling, and unless it appeals to some kindred feeling in others can never accomplish the end for which it was designed—and this is what we meant when we said that the book in question is not a collection of *College* Songs. That this is so is not the fault of the Collector. The fact is we have not a half a dozen songs of Nassau Hall in circulation among us. COLLEGE SONGS (we adhere to our acceptation of the term,) cannot be manufactured to order, and until that feeling arises among us, which shall prompt their spontaneous composition, we cannot really have a volume of Nassau Songs. We had intended to speak of this book as a collection of *College Poems*, but lack of space forbids. Suffice it to say, that viewed in this light, it will bear criticism much better. A friend has handed us the following of the “pieces that didn’t get in,” with a request for its publication. We also insert one—the *Matin Song*—which came “just in time to be too late” for the book in question.

MEMORY BELLS.

Sweet Memory Bells! their witching chimes
Have charms as dear as olden rhymes;
We hear them oft at twilight hour
When sets the sun and shuts the flower.

Oh, happy bells, oh, chiming bells,
The sad, sweet bells of Memory.

When gentle Luna's witching light
Bathes hill and dale at "noon of night,"
Their voices ring with magic strain,
Breaking the calm with sweet refrain.

Oh, happy bells, oh, chiming bells,
The sad, sweet bells of Memory.

Telling of childhood's joyous lays,
And joys and fears in by-gone days;
Of bridal vows and farewells said,
And solemn dirges for the dead.

Oh, mournful bells, oh, chiming bells,
The sad, sweet bells of Memory.

Soon, soon our weary feet shall tread
That land where no sad tears are shed;
Soon we shall clasp the hands of friends,
Where with the song no discord blends

Of mournful bells, of tolling bells,
The sad, sweet bells of Memory.

MATIN SONG.

By H. C. A.

Sung by the resolute Student, who on a single memorable occasion rose before the first bell.

TUNE—Air from *Hiawatha*.

Comrades arise! for see! the day's breaking;
Hark! for the grove in melody's waking;
Odours of morn are abroad on the gale,
As it breathes of the rose and the lily pale!

Over the dews ere the hours deny us,
Far to yon blossoming bank we will hie us!
Far to yon pleasant woodland lane,
Where the thrush and the turtle dove complain!

CHORUS—Comrades arise! &c.

See yonder farm, where plover are crying,
And tangled brake and glen are replying,
Stands in its lovely orchard bloom,
A sweet device on a fairy loom!

CHORUS—Comrades arise! &c.

Break then the golden chains that enslave you!
Zephyrs with balm are beseeching to lave you!
Shake from your souls each earthly care!
And breathe this pastoral May-day air!

CHORUS—Comrades arise, &c.

* * * * *

FINAL CHORUS.

Comrades, sleep! the spell is broken:
False was each enchanting token!
Clouds have risen with the gale,
And gloom again has wrapt the vale!

Editor's Table.

In introducing our Mag. (we always had a partiality for the word "Mag"; perhaps derived from its association with certain juvenile Mags, with whom we used to indulge in the profitable employment of manufacturing terrestrial pastry—we called it making mud pies, but we hadn't been to college *then*—and perhaps, too, (but let that pass); we leave it to you, gentle reader, if "Mag." doesn't call up to your recollection a pleasant face, with rosy cheeks and eyes so brimful of fun that any other appellation than Mag.—so suggestive of buoyancy and joyousness would seem a misnomer—if it doesn't we're sorry for you, that's all) and therefore in introducing *our* Mag, (the first one, by the way, we ever felt privileged to call ours) we would bespeak for her a similar welcome, and wish all our readers to consider themselves fairly acquainted with the young lady without further introduction.

What is our Table to be? "First, negatively," it is *not* to be a re-hash of bad, stolen cuts or worse original ones (we never attempted a cut but once in our life and then fixated so badly that we have refrained ever since)—nor is it to be a summary of such astounding items as that the session has once more commenced—that newies are beginning to get domesticated and the like; *positively* it is to—speak for itself. And here let us protest against an Editor's being judged of by his Table. In it he is expected to perform impossibilities—to be at once witty and profound—at once wise and interesting—to combine in his one person all the pre-

perties of an acid, an alkali, and several simple substances into the bargain. Then, if he doesn't succeed (and who can?) the Mag. is thrown down with—"Well, he isn't what he's cracked up to be, after all."

Speaking of cutes reminds us that we can give our Soph. friends some valuable information respecting the origin of the word. Several centuries ago one of the Kings of England (his name has just now escaped us) condescended to indulge in a joke. One of his applauding courtiers (they laughed as heartily at his wit, as students now-a-days are in duty bound to do at all the jokes of their professors) remarked that the thing was decidedly acute. "A cute," replied his majesty. "I never heard the name before, so let it be called." Such we are credibly informed (not by Trench) is the etymology.

We are perfectly deluged with poetry. Can it be that the Muses have really pitched their tent out by Rocky Hill, and that our students have taken up calling on the aforesaid individuals? Or has "Napo" awaked them one and all to show that "College Poets" are not all dead yet? Whatever be the cause, we respectfully submit that if all men should turn poets we should soon be in a bad fix. Imagine once that, instead of bidding you a plain good morning, the first man you met should stop you to, exclaim—

Since now Aurora glides the Eastern Heavens,
For your good health my heartiest wish is given—

imagine that, instead of yelling out "*Here*" in answer to the roll-call, each Muse-struck wight should respond in harmonious numbers,

Once more in swift obedience to the sound
Of college hail, behold me here—

suppose that you couldn't ask for the potatoes without saying—

Will you cause the morally excellent to slide,
And 'cross the table towards me gently glide—

what would mankind do? And yet such, we opine, must be the inevitable result, unless this tendency is checked. We would respectfully prescribe a large dose of common sense, to be taken as often as the fit comes on. Of course these remarks are not at all intended to apply to the *real* poets (that includes you, courteous reader) who find a place in our pages.

We hereby tender our hearty thanks for the general kind reception we met with in our nocturnal visitation after subscriptions. The newies looked on in wonder at seeing so large an influx of the dignity of the Senior Class (we went four strong)—that is after we had succeeded in convincing them that we were not a delegation of the Hogi Mogi—and "shelled out" like gentlemen—with a single exception. This last mentioned individual turned his back on us, sat down in the corner (leaving us standing) and met us at the end of every sentence with an emphatic "*I don't want it*," and a manner that said still more emphatically, "*you don't humbug me*." Another unlucky wight was already under the influence of Morpheus, and on our sticking our head into his room with the usual salutation; "*Nassauliterarymagazine—everybodytakesit—youwantitofcourse—twodollarsifyouplease*," commenced rubbing his eyes and ejaculated "*I—don't—exactly—know—what—you—want*." "*Two dollars*," we replied. "*Just hand me my trowsers over there then*," said he, and glad to get off so cheaply, handed over the required sum, and we departed, wishing him pleasant dreams and hoping they would tell him what his cash had gone for. We have met with only one more case worthy of notice—that of an individual who, having re-

fused to subscribe on the ground that he "didn't want the thing," very coolly requested us to give him a copy of our Mag. We had heard of the man, who, having received a present of a barrel of cider, went round in the Spring to ask the donor what he would give him for the barrel—we had heard of the man who bought a lamp on tick, used it all winter, and then took it back, saying he didn't want it—but we were astounded—flabbergasted. We looked as badly scared as Hamlet when he saw his father's ghost; Macbeth when he discerned the air-drawn dagger; or a Freshman the first time he's called on to recite. When we had partially recovered from our astonishment, we immediately proceeded to knock down the aforesaid individual—*mentally*, of course we mean—physically we merely walked off in disgust, seriously debating the question "Is swearing ever justifiable?"

We have received a vast number of trashy communications, addressed to the Nassau Lit. Mag. One publisher very politely requests us to act as agents in extending the "circulation and usefulness" of his Magazine, without even offering us a copy of it in return. A Jeweller sends us his advertisement, offering us for its insertion one year five dollars in *jewelry*. Visions of brass watches and plated breast pins floated before our eyes, as we tossed the paper one side, thinking, "If he'd said *cash* it might be worth considering."

Some few valuable exchanges also have made their appearance, and have been read with much interest. The Yale Literary Magazine contains an article on "College Magazines," which we wish every contributor to the Nassau Lit. could read. It takes the true view; that a College magazine, supported by College students, should breathe of College life; should consist of such articles as will be of interest to College students.

True as this is, however, we cannot but think that our Yale friends carry this principle to excess, and issue a Magazine interesting to scarcely anybody else.

The Ichnolite is among the best of College magazines, but we think that at least some of its contributors are slightly given to what might be called the "spread eagle" style of composition. Witness the following:

"The path to those recitation rooms is lined with the grave stones of those who have sapped the foundations of their existence, wasted the spring of their being, and shed their life-blood upon the altar of College honors; graduating with distinction, and already 'weary with the march of life,' they go home to recruit their shattered frames: but the strings of the Harp of Life have been struck too rudely, and the strains sound too much like the faint music of our dreams to be long of earth. These College honors are a fearful winding sheet to wrap about one's self, and walk to one's own grave."

We can imagine the air of intense satisfaction with which the author lay back in his chair after getting off the above, and thought "*Haven't I rowled?*" We can form some conception of the delight, which he experienced on re-reading this wonderful production, as the gorgeous figures and magnificent style again cheered him, and thoughts of future greatness floated through his brain.

And yet we must think—even though we can't give such poetical expression to our feelings—that facts and figures (not figures of Rhetoric) would show far more Collegians ruined by too little than by too much study. We believe that more men "sap the foundations of their being" by dissipation, induced by idleness, than by application to their books; that more "waste the spring of their being" by getting into habits, which must prove a bar to their success in life, than ever wear themselves out by too much attention to their mental improvement. We cannot

regard College honors as an alliance of avenging deities, who delight to immolate unhappy victims upon their altar—nor do we believe that it is to be taken for granted (as it generally is) that all, who take honors, have sacrificed their physical, mental and moral improvement in their attainment. We are persuaded that a full knowledge of facts would show the reverse to be true. But we do not wish to degenerate into a discussion, our only design being to call attention to the beauties of style in the above mentioned production.

In conclusion, we desire to protest against the old slander—harped on in nearly every Editor's Table—that getting out a Mag. is a bore. If a man feels no delight in the work—if he regards every moment spent on it as wasted—this might be true; but to us we can truly say it has been a “labor of love.” Many a pleasant evening have we spent with no other society than Mag., and, we assure you, we found her excellent company. But it is only appreciative admirers that the young lady condescends to entertain, and we must confess that we wonder not that she has treated the presumption of some with that coldness which it deserved. To us the relation has been one of unmixed pleasure, and we remember with a sigh how soon we shall cease to be an

EDITOR.

Exchanges.

Yale Literary Magazine; Harvard Magazine; Virginia University Magazine; Ichnolite; Williams Quarterly; Western Churchman; Printer; Academician's Literary Offering; Erskine Collegiate Recorder.

The Nassau Literary Magazine

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class, monthly, during term time. Each number will contain at least 48 pages of original matter. Connected with it are four prizes of \$10 each, for the best original essays, to be competed for by subscribers only. Their comparative merit will be decided by a Committee selected from the Faculty.

TERMS, (*invariably in advance*), \$2.00 PER YEAR.

Communications should be addressed to the Nassau Literary Magazine, Princeton, N. J.

Editors for the Present Session.

SEPTEMBER,	- -	WILLIAM G. UPSON, N. Y.
OCTOBER,	- -	WALTER S. BROWN, N. Y.
NOVEMBER,	- -	HARRISON T. JOHNSON, Md.
DECEMBER,	- -	EDMUND D. HALSEY, N. J.

CONTENTS.

1. TENNYSON, (<i>Prize Essay</i>),	- . . .	Page	1
2. INFELICISSIME, (<i>Poetry</i>),	- <i>Wright</i> . . .		10
3. LONGFELLOW AND HIS CRITICS,	- <i>Upson</i> . . .		12
4. TWILIGHT MUSINGS, (<i>Poetry</i>),	- <i>Pearce</i> . . .		21
5. MY POLITICAL EXPERIENCE,	- <i>Alexander</i> . . .		22
6. OPHELIA,	- <i>S. Kellogg</i> . . .		31
7. THE PLEASURES OF HEADACHES,	- <i>Upson</i> . . .		34
8. COLLEGE CRITICS, (<i>Poetry</i>),	- <i>Pearce</i> . . .		37
9. GRADES AND GRADE-WORSHIPERS,	- <i>Buckley</i> . . .		41
10. BOOK NOTICES,	-		44
11. EDITOR'S TABLE,	-		47